

The Tragicdie

Glo. Tush, that was in the rage:
Speake it againe, and euen with the word,
That hand which for thy Loue did kill thy Loue,
Shall for thy loue, kill a farre truer loue,
To both their deachs thou shalt be necessary.

La. I would know thy heart.

Glo. Tis figured in my tor que.

La. I feare me both are falie.

Glo. Then neuer man was true.

La. Well, well, put vp your sword.

Glo. Say then my peace is made.

La. That shall you know hereafter.

Glo. But I shall liue in hope.

La. All men I hope liue so.

Glo. Vouchsafe to weare this ring.

La. To take is not to giue.

Glo. Looke how this ring incompasseth thy finger,
Euen so thy brest incloseth my poore heart.
Were both of them for both of them are thine.
And if thy poore suppliant may
But beg one fauour at thy gracious hand,
Thou dost confirme his happinesse foreuer.

La. What is it?

Glo. That it would please thee leaue these sad desigues
To him that hath more cause to be a mourner,
A presently repaire to Crosbie place,
Where, after I haue solemnly enterred
At Chertie Monastery this noble King,
And wet his graue with my repentant teares,
I will with all expedient dutie see you:
For diuers vnknowne reasons, I beseech you
Grant me this boone.

La. with all my heart, and much it ioyes me too,
To see you are become so penitent:

Tressill and Bartly, goe a long with me.

Glo. Bid me farewell.

La. Tis more then you deserue.

But since you teach me how to flatter you,
Imagine I haue sayd farewell alreadie

Exit.

Glo.

of Richard the Th

Glo. Sirs, take vp the course.

Ser. Towards Chertie noble Lo

Glo. No to white Fryers there atten

Was euer woman in this humour woe

Was euer woman in this humour won

He haue her, but I will not keepe her lo

What I haue kild her husband and her

To take her in her hearts extreamest

With curses in her mouth teares in her

The bleeding witnessle of her hatred b

Hauing God, her conscience, and the

And I nothing to backe my sute with

But the plaine Diuel and dissembling

And yet to win her all the world is no

Hath shee forgot already that braue

Edward, her Lord, Whom I some th

Stabd in my angry mood at *Tewkesbur*

A sweeter and louelier gentleman,

Framd in the prodigality of nature:

Yong, valiant, wise, and no doubt rich

The spacious world cannot againe affo

And will she yet debace her eyes on n

That cropt the golden prime of this fw

And made her widdow to a woefull

On me, whose all not equals Edward

On me that halt, and am vnshapen th

My Dukedome to be a beggerly denier

I doe mistake my person all this while

Vpon my life shee finds although I can

My selfe, to be a maiualous proper ma

He be at charges for a Looking-glasse

And entertaine some score or two of

To studie fashions to adorne my body

Since I am crept in fauour with my selfe

I will maintaine it with a little cost.

But first he turne yon fellow in his gra

And then returne lamenting to my lou

Shine out faire sunne, till I haue bough

That I may see my shadow as I passe.